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**Sharp's new London
songster**

London

[18--]

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SHARP'S

NEW

LONDON SONGSTER;

BEING A
COLLECTION OF THE NEWEST AND MOST
FAVORITE SONGS OF THE DAY.

Contents—

Britannia and France	Odessa
Comical Inventions	Pretty Children
Chairs to Mend, Old Chairs to Mend	Queer Things for a Husband to See
Fine Old English Pawnbroker	Saint David's Bells
God Defend the Right	Sleep, Gentle Sleep
Help for the Turk	The Sunday Beer Bill
Hamlet	The Irishman
I Offered not My Heart to Thee	The Red Cross Banner
Irish Drummer, with dialogue	The Three-Legged Stool
I Love the Autumn	The Soldiers' Daughter
Jack Anchor	The Bold Chamios Hunter
Jack in the Middle	The Spirit of Evening
Kitty Tyrrell	To the East, to the East
Love Walks and Weeps.	The Boatman's Return
Love, You've been a Villian, with dialogue	The Old Green Lane
May God Defend the Right, written by Thomas Ramsay	The Middy, or the Signal for War
	Written on the Sand

LONDON:

J. PATTIE, 4, QUEEN'S HEAD PASSAGE,

PATERNOSTER ROW;

AND

M. A. PATTIE, SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET.

NOTE: This tune book is re-issued. It has the correct contents, &c., designed to replace the incorrect table printed with the book 7th.

1877

SHARP'S

NEW

LONDON SONGSTER;

BEING A

COLLECTION OF THE NEWEST AND MOST
FAVORITE SONGS OF THE DAY.

Contents:

Ben Bolt
Britannia the Gem of the Ocean
Bonny Christ-church Bells
Come Live with Me and be my Love
Down where the Blue-bells grow
Emigrant Mother
Going Home with the Milk in the
Morning
Gipsy Queen
Horrible Taste [dialogue.
Humours of a Coffee House, with the
He's a Charming Fellow
Hence Sorrow
Hail to thee Bacchus
If You're Waking Call me Early
Ingle Side
Knight of the Cross Beware
Lizzie Lindsey
Lady and Her Lovers
Leather Bottle
Mary the Maid of the Green
Merrily Goes the Mill
Mary May

Mr. and Mrs. Bubbs Trip to Brighton
in a One Horse Shay
Oh, I Should Like to Marry
Old Dobbin
Paddy on the Railway
Poor Married Man [wore
Rich and Rare where the Gems She
Rose of Allandale
Shall I Never again have a Beau
Syren and Friar
Sun His Bright Rays
Sweet Evening Bells
Twas on a Summer Morning
They Won't let Me Out
Tell Me My Heart
Trysting Tree
Unfortunate Man
Village Born Beauty
With all Thy Faults I Love Thee Still
Wedlock is a Ticklish Thing, with the
dialogue
Wake My Life
Young Agnes.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR, BY
J. PATTIE, CHRISTOPHER COURT,

Opposite the Post Office,

ST. MARTIN'S LE GRAND,

AND

M. A. PATTIE, 110, SHOE LANE.

THE BOLD CHAMOIS HUNTER.

The chamois hunter, — the chamois hunter,
At early dawn he goes,
From his home in the pleasant Chamourie,
To cross the Alpine snows,
His hearth is blazing cherrily,
Yet he turns from its light,
To dare the dreadful precipice,
In the dreary, dreary night.

Fare-thee-well, fare-thee-well,
Thou bold chamois hunter,
Fare-thee-well, fare-thee-well,
Thou bold chamois hunter.

The chamois hunter, — the chamois hunter,
He hath a blooming bride,
And he gazes on her beauty
With a lover's ardent pride;
Yet his bold and restless spirit,
Even love cannot restrain,
He grieves to see those sorrowing tears,
But they are shed in vain.

The chamois hunter, — the chamois hunter,
A wild life leadeth he,
And he pauses not at danger,
Tho he knows his destiny;
For his forefathers perished
Chasing the mountain deer,
Who would seek a mightier monument,
Than the mighty glacier.

JACK IN THE MIDDLE.

Tune—"Drops of Brandy."

Ups and downs are each day taking place,
In this march of mind and of movement,
But now we can hardly find space,
For the wonderful turns of improvement
A game of see-saw here I go,
An attempt on a song to unriddle,
The changes in high life and low,
While I remain Jack in the middle.

So here we go up, up, up,
List to my rhymes and my riddle,
Here we go down, down, down,
While I stand Jack in the middle.

Up went the League for corn rigs,
Down came the Sikhs and their glories,
Up went the do-nothing wigs,
And down went the ambitious Tories.
Up went the American dander,
Down came the threat to invade us,
Up went the Militia gander,
And down came the five Serenaders.

Up went the jobbing in stocks,
Down came the half-penny Stomachs
Up went the call for the tip,
Down came the stags and the runners.
The Queen a small present sent down,
Then up went a premium for down,
Up went the house and the town,
And down came the European Busses.
Early closing went down after dark,
Up went the streets advancing,
Down came the lads for a lark,
And up went the Casinos for dancing.
Poetry went down to Nick's,
Garrick's head, in the garden of Eden,
Bunn went down at the Surry like bricks,
And up went the turnips of Sweden.

Up went the racing balloons,
Down came the supply of potatoes;
Shakespeare went up in Saloons,
Down went the minor Theatres.
Cutler Street went down, alas!
When up went the mansion of Moses,
Madame Vestris's calves went to grass,
When Keiler brought over his poses.
Leather much cheaper is found,
Since Gutta Serena went up in solution;
The Louis came down a crown,
Since up went the French Revolution.
Up went liberty's cap and red ribbon,
Down came the Straws and the Dan-
stables;
Up went the Chartist Petition,
And down came the famed Special
Constables.

So the ups and downs we all know,
Our town talk is of attraction,
When the tide sets in with a strong flow,
We must always expect a re-action.
It's been so since the first of creation,
So what is the use of contending,
If my song rise in your estimation,
I will surely go down in the ending.

KITTY TYRRELL.

You're looking as fresh as the morn,
darling,
You're looking as bright as the day—
But while on your charms I'm diling,
You're stealing my poor heart away;
But keep it and welcome Mavoureen,
Its loss I'm not going to mourn,
Yet one heart's enough for a body,
So pray give me yours in return,
Mavoureen, Mavoureen,
O pray give me yours in return.

I've built me a neat little cot, darling,
 I've pigs and potatoes in store,
 I've twenty good pounds in the bank, love,
 And may be a pound or two more;
 It's all very well to have riches,
 But I'm such a covetous elf,
 I can't help still sighing for something,
 And, darling, that something's yourself,
 Mavourreen, Mavourreen,
 That something, you know, is yourself.

Your smiling, and that's a good sign,
 darling,

Say "yes," and you'll never repent;
 Or if you would rather be silent,
 Your silence I'll take for consent.

That good-natured dimple's a tell-tale,
 Now all that I have is your own.

This week you may be Kitty Tyrrell,

Next week you'll be Mistress Malone.

Mavourreen, Mavourreen,

You'll be my own Mistress Malone.

QUEER THINGS FOR A HUSBAND TO SEE.

Written and sung by Mr. W. H. Taylor.

Tune—"The Devil in search of a Wife."

Kind friends give attention and list to my
 song, [long,

And if you'll be patient I'll not keep you
 I'll prove the worst care that a man has in
 his life,

Is to be plagued with a good-looking,
 false-hearted wife. [be,

Now once I was as happy, as happy could
 For then I was single, light-hearted and
 free, [light,

With pleasure my days I passed with de-
 While mirth and harmony made up the
 night,

But thinking a wife would add to my bliss,
 To the altar I led a blushing young Miss,
 But when married I found out false-
 hearted was she, [see.

Now that's a queer thing for a husband to
 see, [see.

Since the hour we left church on our
 wedding morn, [forlorn,

I gave way to despair and have been quite
 For do what I will, or say what I may,
 She vows and she swears she will have her
 own way;

Then an old sweetheart of hers whose
 name it is Roger [a lodger,

She compelled me to take in my house as

I find him the whole of his grub and drink
 But dare not so much as to ask for the
 chink,

Lots of Gin every day they put out of sight,
 And sometimes they stop out together all
 night, [as can be,

And come home in the morning as drunk
 Now that's a queer thing for a husband
 to see.

At six every morning I'm turned out of
 bed, [lead,

I clean up the house and the grate I black
 Sometimes I wish that I was a croaker,
 While rubbing the tongs, the shovel and
 poker,

Their breakfast I have to get ready by nine,
 But I oftentimes have to cut off without
 mine.

For she'd whop me and kick me about
 like a Turk,

If I was to be too late for my work;
 Rather lateish last night, as homewards I
 crept,

I found the door locked—through the
 key-hole I peep't, [free,

I saw Roger and her close, and kissing so
 Think's I, that's a queer thing for a hus-
 band to see.

With fear and with fright my teeth chat-
 tered again, [then,

For my life I dare not disturb them just
 I was completely done up, I couldn't look
 any more, [the door,

So I fainted and fell, and my head banged
 By my hair they then dragged me in the
 house, [douse,

In a tub of cold water my head gave a
 I was shivering with cold and wet to the
 skin, [again,

Says she you'll know better than e'er peep
 She gave me a kick, and says to me quite
 bold, [cold,

If I sleep with you to night I shall catch
 So you must sleep in the garret and Roger
 with me, [to see.

Now there's a queer thing for a husband

Thus things went on for a twelvemonth
 or near,

When a circumstance happened that made
 me feel queer, [could be,

My Wife grew as stout as I, and as stout as
 And when put to bed she had no less than
 three, [maintain,

Then I had to work hard, the brats to
 'Twas no use to sigh, no use to complain,

When I come home at night I've to nurse
 them all three, [knee,
 There's one in my arms and one on each
 Not a feature in me like them can you find,
 Though to them I'm obliged to seem
 loving and kind
 But the picture of Roger they are to a T,
 Now—aint they—queer things for a hus-
 band to see.

Te sleep in the garret with the brats now
 I'm chained, [be weaned,
 For my wife says tis time that they should
 For a wink of sound sleep in vain do I try,
 For all night they do nothing but blare
 out and cry, [troubles,
 And then, for a crowner, to finish my
 As I got up last night to shift one of their
 doubles, [scuffle,
 Down below I heard was a deuce of a
 It was Roger and her just giving me the
 shuffle,
 I quickly got up, and on going down stairs,
 I found the house strip'd of my tables and
 chairs, [me,
 Not a thing in the world was there left for
 Well, thinks I, here's a queer thing for a
 husband to see

So thus I was left by my false-hearted wife,
 I've three brats to maintain and take care
 of for life, [woe,
 But kind friends I hope you will pity my
 And grant me your kindest applause 'ere
 I go, [here,
 I've a word of advice for you single chaps
 Don't trust in the women, though they're
 ever so dear,
 If they ask you to marry give them a denial,
 Unless they will come for a twelvemonth
 on trial,
 For girls, when they're courting, are
 tender and civil,
 But when they get married they turn out
 the devil,
 And all men, you'll find, if married they be,
 Often find a queer thing for a husband to
 see.

LOVE WAKES AND WEEPS.

Glee.

Love wakes and weeps,
 While beauty sleeps!
 O for Music's softest slumbers!
 To prompt a theme
 For Beauty's dream,
 Soft as the pillow of her slumbers.

THE SOLDIERS' DAUGHTER.

O, do you remember the old soldier's
 daughter, [was she
 As fair as the morning in spring time
 And many a lover warmly had sought her,
 To all she was distant as maiden could
 be. [tarry,
 Dear father, she cried, with thee let me
 Though homely our cottage, a home 'tis
 to me; [marry,
 And a vow I have made that I never will
 Then let me live happy, dear father,
 with thee.

But vain was the vow of the old soldier's
 daughter,
 Young Patrick he woo'd her, though
 humble was he,
 He knelt at her feet, to his bosom he
 caught her, [shall be.
 And whisper'd to say when the bridal
 Dear father, she cried, 'twere a pity to
 tarry.
 A cow and a cottage has Patrick for me,
 And so dearly he love me, I'm tempted to
 marry, [with thee.
 And both will live happy, dear father,

Small was the house of the old soldier's
 daughter, [her knee,
 With Patrick beside her—a babe on
 The aged, the blessed, and the youthful
 all sought her, [as she,
 And none were so cheerful and happy
 And fain was the soldier beside her to tarry
 Till death gently called him, and calmly
 slept he,
 But she still blessed the day she him did
 marry,
 Saying Patrick, thou art now the world's
 all to me.

FINE OLD ENGLISH PAWNBROKER.

I'll sing you a good old song,
 As ever yet was made,
 Of a fine old English Pawnbroker,
 Who did a first-rate trade,
 Who kept up his neat shop at a beautiful
 old rate,
 And never did despise the poor,
 Nor coveted the great.
 Like a fine Old English Pawnbroker
 One of the modern time.
 His shop so neat, was stock'd all round,
 With pledges rich and rare,

That showed at once to one and all,
 That honesty was there,
 'Twas there my Uncle always was
 With open hands he stood,
 And kindly lent the poor the means,
 Of getting proper food.
 Like a fine old English Pawnbroker,
 One of the modern time.

Old winter came with all its gloom,
 My Uncle still was there,
 And kindness showed to every one,
 That came from far and near,
 Ner was the poor and destitute,
 E'er driven from his place,
 For in their features poor and lean,
 Stern poverty could trace.
 Like a fine old English Pawnbroker,
 One of the modern time.

But time crept on and years flew past,
 This good man he got old,
 As plainly by his faltering step,
 'Twas not as once,—so bold,
 At last, he on his death bed laid,
 He died without a sigh.
 Thus by his wordly actions proved,
 He did not fear to die.
 Like a good old English Pawnbroker,
 One of the modern time.

But what is better now by far,
 Such friends are not all gone,
 As here and there you still can see,
 The motto, "Two to One,"
 And as a finish to my song,
 I hope that all may know,
 The friends they have whene'er in want,
 And won't be afraid to go,
 To these good old English Pawn-
 brokers,
 All of the present time.

THE THREE-LEGGED STOOL.

I love it, I love it, don't think I'm a fool,
 For loving the old oak three-legged stool.
 For oft times my wife would sit her down
 there, [arm chair.
 And she loved it much better than her old
 It was left by my father as a fortune for his
 child, [spoiled,
 It never shall be broke and it never shall be
 For at night when my wife was taking her
 gruel, [stool.
 She would sit like a lord on that three-legged

I love it, 'cos my father, before he went to
 bed [mother's head.
 He'd take it by one leg and smash my
 And then the old woman would cry like a
 fool, [legged stool.
 'Cos she'd just got a crack from the three
 It was made from a tree that grew in our
 yard, [hard,
 One soft knock from it, would feel very
 And to part with that relic it would be very
 cruel,
 For my mother kick'd the bucket on that
 three-legged stool.

I love it, I love it, one reason shall be—
 It ought to have four legs, but it's only got
 three,

'Twas of use in the house for one and for all,
 For few could set on it without getting a
 fall; [and pride,
 When my mother was alive, 'twas her glory
 To sit and smoke on it by a dirty fire-side,
 And when in the church-yard I'm laid dead
 and cool, [legged stool.
 My tomb-stone shall be that old three-

GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT.

Music Published by J. Shepherd, 98, Newgate-st.

Our Country's Standard floats above,
 The ocean breeze to greet,
 And her thunder sleeps in awful calm,
 Beneath our trampling feet.
 But let a foeman fling abroad
 The banner of his wrath,
 And a moment will awake its roar
 To sweep him from our path—

Well may the sailor's heart exult,
 To view old England's might;
 The cry is up, the struggle near,
 May God defend the Right!

No Foreign Tyrant ever through
 Our wooden bulwarks broke;
 No British bosom ever quail'd
 Within our Walls of Oak.
 Behold our Ships in war-like trim
 Career'ing thro' the wave,
 The Hope, the Home, the Citadel,
 Of Britain and the Brave—

Well may the Sailor's heart exult,
 To view old England's might;
 The cry is up, the struggle near,
 May God defend the Right!

JACK ANCHOR.

Music Published by J. Shepherd, 98, Newgate-st.

Jack Anchor was leaving to plough the salt
wave, [more brave;

Not a soul 'mong his messmates more gallant
And he stepp'd in the boat as they pulled
from the shore, [roar.

To go where guns rattle and loud cannons
And he went with a smile, not a tear
dimm'd his eye,

Tho' his Poll and his little ones were stand-
ing close by.

"For my Queen," said bold Jack, "I will
peril my life. [and wife."

For I know they'll take care of my children
Once more, to his friends upon shore, wav'd
his hand, [land.

And departed to fight for his dear native

The vessel he sailed in has vanished from
sight, [fight;

He has gone in the cause of the injured to
And 'tis our's while he's absent in danger's
career, [dear.

To help and to comfort those Jack holds so
Then from highest to lowest let each
gen'rous heart, [a part,

In this good work before us take kindly
Then up and be doing, the dark hour is
come, [drum;

Our warriors are summon'd by trumpet and
And while soldiers and sailors for us risk
their lives, [and wives.

Be it ours to take care of their children

HELP FOR THE TURK.

Music Published by J. Shepherd, 98, Newgate-st.

Hark! sons of Britain's land,

The war-hounds are baying;

Hark! o'er the ocean borne

Clarions are braying?

Up!—for the Tyrant-king laughs at his
work, [the Turk!

Up! and strike home, and hard,—Help for
Strike for our fellow-men—strike for the
free [Sea.

For England must ever reign Queen of the

Rouse! mothers of Englishmen,

Rouse Albion's Daughters,

Hark! to the widows' shrieks,

Think of the slaughters.

Coward-sons scoff at, your lovers disown,
If they fail to lend aid to the Turk and his
throne.

Strike for our fellow-men, strike for the free.
For England must ever reign Queen of the
Sea.

Hark! sons of our ocean home,

The wild seas are calling,

Help for the brave hearts,

Help for the falling:

On, as our fathers did, on o'er the wave,
Onwards for LIBERTY—Tyranny's grave.
Strike for our fellow-men, strike for the
free, [Sea.
For England must ever reign Queen of the

COMICAL INVENTIONS.

Written and sung by W. H. Taylor.

Air—The Good Old Days of Adam and Eve.

Kind Friends I'll beg your kind attention,
To listen to the things I'm about for to
mention, [new, sirs,

In this world every day we have something
And of Comical Inventions I'll sing to
you, sirs,

Railroads now are getting old, sirs,
And of their wonders you've oft been
told, sirs,

But there's a new one invented, and soon
they'll begin it,

That'll take you to the end of the world
in a minute.

CHORUS.

List, kind friends, give me your attention,
While I sing you the wonders of Comical
Invention.

There's the Ariel Ship, once all the go, sirs,
For what it was invented well do I know,
sirs, [sirs,

'Tis for Tyrants, Bishops, and all their set
Who think by that into Heaven to get
sirs, [Courtiers,

There's the Placemen, Taxmen, flattering
In the Ariel Machine have took their
quarters,

But if they get above they'll have cause to
quail, sirs,

For they'll get sent to the D— in a
sliding scale sirs!

There's patented machines for all sorts of purposes,
 There's New Model Prisons and Union Workhouses,
 And now poor people's pleasure to be hauling,
 They're inventing a Machine that'll keep them from talking;
 Likewise a new Policeman's staff, sirs,
 Which soon will quiet all Plebian chaff, sirs,
 For if they only look with a frown, sirs,
 Out'll pop the staff and knock them down, sirs.

There's a Machine invented, rather comical you'll own, sirs,
 For it'll keep married men with their wives at home, sirs,
 Make the children's sop, cut the mother's corns, sirs, [sirs,
 And tell if the Father wears the horns,
 And to those who are for children wishing,
 There's the Concentrated Essence of Kissing, [sirs,
 Three shillings a bottle, and that's not dear,
 For it'll bring you twice three times a year, sirs.

And there once was a man who was thought quite clever,
 Who, to keep us well and alive for ever,
 Was inventing some stuff, but, the foolish, old sirs, [sirs!
 Before he finished it he died himself,
 So when we lose our breath we must die as usual, [shall,
 I'm convinced that both me and all you
 Unless some one here can invent a scheme, sirs, [sirs!
 Whereby we may live for ever by steam,

Breaklayers now may cut their sticks, sirs,
 For they've invented a house to be built without bricks, sirs, [sirs,
 And there's a Lotion, to that I've heard say,
 That'll cure broken limbs in less than a day, sirs, [mending,
 There's Gutta Percha for your shoes to be
 There's a patent to keep you your money from spending,
 And they've invented a bed, where at night you may rest, sirs,
 And get up in the morning ready washed and dressed, sirs.

They invented a plan to live without eating,
 By endeavouring our appetites to be cheating,
 Some folks tried it, and learnt it pat, sirs,
 But they died as soon as they got in the knack, sirs;
 Now this Song I've invented to please all you, sirs,
 Because I'd got nothing better to do, sirs,
 But if it pleases, I'll tell you plain, sirs,
 Some night I'll sing it over again, sirs.
 Now, kind Friends, thank you for your attention,
 I've sung you the wonders of Comical Inventions!

THE RED CROSS BANNER.

RECITATIVE.

England, it still the patriot fire,
 That warmed the bosom of their sires;
 Dwell with thy sons what heart can fail,
 Long as their banner floats above the gale,
 The red cross banner proudly free,
 Still throbbing for liberty.

AIR.

When first on Albion's sea-girt shore,
 Her foot, fair Freedom press'd
 Its hills and vales she warmed o'er,
 And thus the soil she blessed;
 "Land of the fair, the free, the brave,
 Rule through the rolling sea,
 There let the red cross banner wave
 The foremost of the free.

There let, &c.

Forth flew the word from pole to pole;
 A conquered world can tell,
 As yet, where'er the billows roll,
 We've kept our charter well,
 There's not a shore the ocean laves
 But freedom there may see,
 That England's red cross banner waves
 The foremost of the free.

That England's, &c.

And while one single shred will fly,
 Left by its glories past,
 England must lift that banner high,
 Must nail it to the mast,
 For England sure will sit in shame,
 And dark her doom will be,
 If e'er a vaunting foe can claim,
 The empire of the sea.

If e'er, &c.

ODESSA,

Music Published by J. Shepherd, 98, Newgate-st.

In the good days of old,

We're by history told,

We were threaten'd by foremen unnumbered ;

They have thought we have slept,

But the vigil we kept,

For Britannia has not even slumber'd ;

She can mischief repel,

She can tyranny quell,

Then here's to our Country, God bless her !

And again, and again,

On her Empire THE MAIN,

She will do as she did at Odessa.

Hand in hand with brave France,

She will onward advance,

In a spirit of pure emulation ;

Our Ally to defend,

And to fight till the end,

In defence of the Ottoman Nation.

And though the base Russ,

May insult flags of truce,

We know how to curb the Transgressor,

For we've tars true and brave,

Who proclaim from the wave,

They will do as they did at Odessa.

'Tis for justice and right,

'Gainst the Giant of Might,

That we power display on the ocean,

And to show the proud Czar,

He must not go too far,

For of that British hearts have no notion.

Of their Country they think,

To their Queen too they drink,

May no thought of dark sorrow distress her ;

Then pass round the glass,

To Napier and Dundas,

And the Tars who have conquer'd Odessa

I OFFERED NOT MY HEART • TO THEE.

I offer'd not my heart to thee,

Flatt'ry spread its wilds around it ;

Ah, restore that heart to me,

Pure as e'er love's spell had bound it !

More than Anna's grief would mine be—

Mine the pang she could not know—

Fell remorse full soon would thine be,

Who can say how deep my woe !

IRISH DRUMMER.

Pat Fagan Malony Mahony's my name,
At thirteen I'll bet you've heard of my fame,

I was born in dear Dublin or near there—
One day when my father and mother were out,

I very soon grew up a great strapping boy
The dear girls of Ireland I murder with joy,

My mind was on pick axes, shovels and
'Till I listed myself in the Irish Squads,
My eyes wasn't straight but they didn't mind that,

For they one and all cried, O, my beautiful Pat,

Sargeant and major, and all was struck dumb,

Such skill I displayed, when I blowed the big drum.

Spoken—Och, bad luck to me, every blow I gived that drum was just like a thunder-storm. But luck to you, you dirty devil, says the Sargeant, you've broke the drum of my ear. So much the better, your honour, says I, for you'll not be able to hear what the dirty would say of you when you're gone dead. Och, what's your name? Och, my name is Pat Fagan Malony Mahony, first cousin to Mike Murphy Donakoo and second to Looney Mactwoler, who has nineteen to call him father, and twenty-nine grandfather, and, bad luck to me, I'm the pig of the whole family. Never mind, says he, are you ready to turn out and fight the King of the Chinese. By my soul I am, says I, I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll hire Queen Victoria for my mistress, and I'll soon make her master of the enemy. Arrah cushla ! you are not going to leave us, says my grandmother. To be sure he's not, says the old grandfather. Not without wishing us good by, says my little sweetheart. So you see they all laid hold of the tails of my coat, and as good luck would have it, my coat being rather old, the tails gave way, and off I set singing,

Rub, a dub dub, this way and that way,
Right about face, quick march away.

We had not gone far, when the Sargeant cries stand,

We shall ne'er get to China by walking on land,

So to make a short story, out of a very long trip,

He landed us all on board of a ship,

My head it spun round, and the whiskey I spilt,

So sea sick was I, I thought I was kilt,

Says I stop the ship, put me out in a crack,

I've altered my mind and I want to go back,

But the devil a bit would they alter the—

For I bawled and I squalled till I made
myself hoarse,

But Och, in a jiffey they doctored my pain,
When they sung out here is China's beau-
tiful main.

Spoken.—Beautiful, indeed, the devil a bit of
beauty did I see about it, it was as dingy as a
dustman, and built on the wrong side of the way.
Hurrah, says they! What for, says I. The General,
says they. Bad luck to him, says I, whether he's a
man or a monkey. Are you ready, says they.
What for, says I. To fight, says they. By my
soul I am, says I, and then began the row.

Then the enemy drew nigh, and the can-
nons let fly,
And the general did shout, now lads serve
them out,

We'll soon make the villians to force back,
When I received a knock, a dreadful shock,
Bad luck to me if I could tell,
Whether I was on horseback when I fell,
But up I got and fired a shot,
Which roared like thunder,
And made 'em all wonder,
Says I, we soon beat,
'Tis best we do retreat,
When the general did cry,
You know better than I,
For all our blood's spilt, and every one
kilt.

Spoken.—Treat, it was a treat; run Pat, you
devil, says I, and sure enough I did run, over dead
bodies, and ditches and cow-ponds. While I was
sticking up to my knees in a cow pond, up comes a
tall Chinese bog trotter, Paddy, you devil, stand,
says he, I shan't, says I, and so I sat down, with
that he cocked his gun, and by the hokey poker, he
knocked my face slap off my nose, I fired at him,
and when I fired he tumbled, and when he tumbled
he fell, but bad luck to him he wasn't kilt. Quarter,
quarter, says he, oh you dirty, unreasonable beast,
says I, do you think I've time to stay and quarter
you in the field of battle.—So I took out my sword
and cut him in half, and went away singing.

Rub a dub, &c.

When we came to head quarters, we all
made a stop.
For the want of some whiskey I thought I
should drop,
The battle deprived many men of their
charms,
For some of them had their head under
their arms,
Och mushla, says I, it's a terrible sight,
What a spalpeen was I to come here to
fight, [die,
I've left dear old Ireland to come here to
Where I'll get my throat cut like a pig in
a sty,
But if I get mudered amidst all this strife,

I shall never forget it all the days of my
life,

How these Chinese bog trotters, my com-
rades have slain,

If I live to get 'back, I'll ne'er come here
again.

Spoken.—Holloa, Pat, says the sergeant, you've
lost your nose, by the powers so I have, says I, so
I says to Teddy O'Flaherty, come along wid me to
find my nose. Turning to the right of the left hand
side of the way, what should I see but a great devil
of a dog smelling at my illigant nose. Drop that
nose, says I, bow, wow, wow, says he. Will you
drop it you nasty beast, says I, faith he did drop it
down his beastly throat. Shoot that dog, Teddy,
says I, and Teddy shot him, and I took out my sword
to cut him open to look for my nose, but the devil
a bit of nose could I see, for it had all melted away
like a snowball in a baker's oven, just at this moment
who should I see but the ugly Chinaman that cut
off my illigant nose. Nose for nose, says I, so I cut
off his nose and stuck it on my face. Holloa, Pat,
says one of them, when I returned, that's not your
nose. Never mind, honey, sure some nose is better
than no nose, I knows. Now you must know that this
Chinaman had been in the habit of taking snuff, and
every now and then his nose would sneeze, and of
course I kept on sneezing, until at last off it went,
and by the hokey pokey, it knocked sergeant's eye
into the back of his head, for that they poked me
into the roundhouse, where the loss of my own
beautiful snout, weighed heavy on my mind, that
it made me light headed, so they found I was no
good in China, and they sent me back to ould
Ireland, which made me sing—

Rub, a dub dub, &c

PRETTY CHILDREN.

Written and sung by Mr. W. H. Taylor.

For what do married people wish?

Children, pretty children, oh.

What plague is greater than the itch?

Children, pretty children, oh.

What can make a mother proud,

Or from daddy's brow dispel the crowd,

Like hearing people praise aloud

Their children, pretty children, oh!

Mother's pride and daddy's joy,

Are children, pretty children, oh.

Yet plaguey brats when'er they cry,

Are children, peevish children, oh.

Who can keep you awake all night,

And from your nose large pieces bite,

And make your bed in a nasty plight, oh

Children, pretty children,

Who'll fight o'er sharing their cock sorrell,

Children, pretty children, oh.

Who'll make you with neighbours quarrel,

Children, pretty children, oh,

Who'll round your neck their arms entwined,
When teaching them to read so fine,
And pay you for it in liquid wine?

Children, pretty children, oh,
Parents' pride, as they grow up,
Are children, pretty children, oh,
Yet for their low jokes they're the butt
Of children, pretty children, oh,
And when their fourteenth year they see,
Who'll step out all night on the spree,
And make you find a door-latch key.

Children, growing children, oh,
Who does Ma advise so well,

As children, beloved children, oh,
Who'll call her "a green old girl,"

Children, downy children, oh,
To get them out of troubles rough, ah!
Who'll make daddy's pocket suffer,
And then call him "a flat old buffer,"

Children, wide awake children, oh,
What have we all been in our time?

Children, innocent children, oh,
Who are loved as sterling coin?

Children, pretty children, oh,
Let not their follies you enrage,
But teach them how to tread life's stage,
And I hope a comfort in old age,
You'll find in all your children, oh,

THE IRISHMAN.

'Tis I that bears an illigant name,
And who dare say 'tis not,
I was born one day in Ballyporane,
In a nate little mud built cot,
My father he was the pride of the boys,
My mother she was the same,
And that is the reason my bonies d'ye see,
That I got such an illigant name.
I am a broth of a boy, deny it who can,
And my mother she's a true born Irishman.

Sure an Irishman will fight like the devil
himself,

And bate him you never can,
They're the bravest boys that e'er was
known,

Ever since the world began,
For with whiskey in hoads and shillelah in
fist,

Like the devil they'll fight d'ye see,
They never say they're kilt till they're
murdered quite,

And sure that's the way with me.
I'm a broth of a boy, &c.

Sure Ireland is an illigant place,
That I suppose you have heard,
It's the greatest place that ever was found,
It is, take an Irishman's word,
For there's not a place in all the world,
Where the boys are so brave and free,
You may talk of your true born English-
men,
But Ireland still for me.
It's the land of prattles deny it who can,
And my mother's a true born Irishman.

HAMLET.

Tune—Bob and Joa

A hero's life I sing, his history shall my
pen mark,
He was not the King, but Hamlet, Prince
of Denmark;
His mamma was young, the crown she had
her eyes on,
Her husband stopped her tongue, she stop-
ped his ears with poison.

Ri fol toe rah, &c.

When she had kill'd the king, she ogled
much his brother, [got another,
And having slain one spouse, she quickly
And this so soon did she, and was so great
a sinner,
The funeral baked meats, served for the
wedding dinner.

Now Hamlet sweet, her son, no bally or
havaada,
Of love felt not the flame, so went to
Bernardo.
'O, ah,' says he, 'we've seen a sight, with
monstrous sad eye,'
And this was nothing but the ghost of
Hamlet's daddy.

Just at that time it rose, and sighing said
"List, Hammy!

Your mother is the snake that poisoned
me—or—dam me;

And now I'm down below, all over sul-
phurous flame, boy,
That your dad should be on fire, you'll
own's a burning shame boy."

Just at that time he spoke, the morn was
breaking through dell,

Up jump'd a cock and cried, "Cock a
doodle, doodle!"

"I'm now cocksure of going, preserve you
from all evil,

You to your mother walk, and I'll walk to
the devil."

Hamlet loved a maid, calumny had passed her,

She never had played tricks 'cause nobody had asked her;

Madness seized her with poor Lord Claudius's daughter!

She jumped into a ditch and went to heaven by water.

No matter now for that, a play they made and she was it;

The audience Claudious was and he got up and damned it;

He was 'd he'd see no more, he felt a wondrous dizziness,

And he for candles called to make light of the business.

A fencing match had they, the queen drinks as they tried to—

Says she "O, King, I'm killed!" says Laertes, "So am I too!"

And so am I, cries Ham, "what! can all these things true be?"

What! are you dead? says the King; yes sir, and so shall you be.

So then he stabbed his liege, then fell on Ophelia's brother,

And so the Danish court all tumbled one on t'other.

To celebrate these deeds, which are from no mean shamlet,

Every village small henceforth was called a Hamlet.

THE SUNDAY BEER BILL.

Written by B. Green.

Air—The Good old days of Adam and Eve.

When Britons call this a land of freedom;

And talk of sweet liberty, never heed 'em;

By government laws coerced we are, sirs,

As bad as the serfs of the Russian Czar, sirs.

Some public wrong, some act of oppression,

They're sure to pass now every session,

To badger us with life's annoyments;

And steal away our little enjoyments,

What do you say to this precious queer bill,

This bending, closing, canting beer bill.

Our Legislators think it right now,

To reform our Sunday drinking, quite now,

Then to shut up early 'tis their plan, sirs,

You must sneak away to your bug-walks,

at ten, sirs,

If on the road they find you lagging,
Some righteous peeler will soon be dragging
You by the collar off to the station,
For breaking the laws of this pious nation.

When the Licensed Victuallers committee,
(Twelve sanctified bungs from the west and the city),

Were asked to tender their opinions
How the thing would work in the Queen's dominions,

They landed the bill as the victuallers friend,
sirs,

And thought it would do much good in the end, sirs,

That 'twould be to our morals a vast improvement,

And further advance the Temperance movement.

From one to half-past two on Sunday,
It is for the time a regular fun day,

To see dry souls in ginshops rushing,
The beer like steam down their hot throats

gushing;

Landlords at their engines slaving,
Their customers for more liquors raving;

Until out side, Policemen shout there,
"Time's up, look sharp and bundle 'em

out there."

In Parliament now the new worms say, sirs,
You can do nothing better than groan and

pray, sirs,

While their teetotal brethren affirm you ought, sirs, [water;

To drink nothing stronger than sugar and
A gloomy sour fanatic feeling,

Is slowly o'er Old England stealing
Under the plea of sage improvements,

They've clapp'd on a notice to clog our movements.

First to raise the tin on malt and max, sirs,
For this do nothing War they placed a tax

sirs,

On purpose the revenue to swell it,
And they now curtail the hours to sell it.

As Englishmen we'er being degraded,
The rights of the subject is invaded;

But tell 'em your minds, and then by gosh, sirs,

They'll find out soon these games won't wash, sirs.

So what do you say to this precious queer bill,

This binding, closing, canting beer bill.

TO THE EAST, TO THE EAST.

Written by G. M. F. Glenny.

Tune—To the West.

To the East, to the East, to the land where
the free
Have been shamefully used by the Czar,
—oh ! that he
May be conquered by those who are willing
to toil,
For the good of their neighbours, to stop
this turmoil ;
Let us fight side by side with the French-
man and Turk,
And to prove that true Britons are up to
their work,
We do our best to destroy from afar,
The fortress of Cronstadt, the pride of Czar.

Here's success to the fleet, which is cruising
about.
In the Baltic, preparing for action, no doubt.
May our cannons resound, and destroy
from afar,
The fortress of Cronstadt, the pride of Czar.

To the East, to the East, where each soldier
should go,
To defend our rights, and to punish our foe.
Where the roar of our cannon shall echo
our call,
With a few british soldiers we'll conquer
them all,
We forget not the cruelty shown at Sinope,
And the lives thus destroyed, then should
he who'd thus cope.
With such cruelty live, no ! we'll cut him
in twain,
We've killed tyrant's before and will do it
again.

To the East, to the East, where a name may
be won,
To avenge our proud foe is the work to be
done,
We'll try it, we'll do it, and never despair,
While a sword is at hand or a soldier is near.
The beld independence that England shall
buy,
For the Turks now oppress'd forbids us to
sigh,
Away, far away, let us hope for the best,
And return with a name to the land of the
west.

BRITAIN AND FRANCE.

Written by J. E. Carpenter.

Composed by Edward J. Loder.

The Lion of Britain—the Eagle of France,
Have fought all their old quarrels out ;
And having shook hands, now they boldly
advance,
To put the proud Czar to rout !

The past all forgotten, save thus that they
know
Each owned that the other was brave ;
And though once as a foe, now as brothers
they go,
The Turk from the Despot to save.

May Britain and France long united remain,
With liberty's banner unfurled,
To teach the proud Czar that he never again
May threaten the peace of the world.

The power of Old England—the prowess of
Gaul !

Oh, why should they not still unite ?
Not seeking for conquest, but sheltering all
Who strive 'gainst oppression and might.

May God save the armies that each has sent
forth,
To drive back the Despot again,
Till they chain the proud Russ in his own
icy north,
And peace and prosperity reign !

May Britain and France long united remain
With liberty's banner unfurled,
To teach the proud Czar that he never again
May threaten the peace of the world.

THE BOATMAN'S RETURN.

Written by J. E. Carpenter.

The Music by N. J. Spörle.

Row ! row ! homeward we steer,
Twilight falls o'er us ;
Hark ! hark ! music is near !
Friends glide before us,
Song lightens our labour ;
Sing as onward we go,
Keep each with his neighbour
Time as we flow !

Row ! row ! homeward we go,
Twilight falls o'er us ;
Row ! row ! sing as we flow,
Day flies before us.

Row! row! sing as we go,
Nature rejoices;
Hark! how the hills, as we flow,
Echo our voices!

Still o'er the dark waters,
Far away we must roam,
Ere Italy's daughters
Welcome us home.
Row! row! homeward we go,
Twilight falls o'er us;
Row! row! sing as we flow,
Day flies before us.

Row! row! see, in the west,
Lights dimly burning,
Friends, in yon harbour of rest,
Wait our returning.
See, now they burn clearer!
Keep time with the oar.
Now, now we are nearer
That happy shore.

Home! home! daylight is o'er;
Friends stand before us,
Yet ere our boat touch the shore,
Once more the chorus:
Row! row! homeward we go,
Twilight falls o'er us,
Row! row! sing as we flow,
Day flies before us.

WRITTEN ON THE SAND.

Written by E. J. Carpenter.

Composed by N. J. Spörle.

It was written on the sand:
"Love cannot know decay!"
The waves rose o'er the strand,
And Love had passed away!
It was written on the sand:
"How firmly friends are tied;"
Yet, traced by friendships hand,
How soon the impress died!
Written, written on the sand!

It was written on the sand:
"The world is full of truth,"
By a happy sportive band;
Go search the spot, Oh, youth!
They are written on the sand,
Our hopes, our joys, our fears;
As the shores of life expand,
The waves are but our tears,
Falling, falling on the sand,

THE SPIRIT OF EVENING.

Written by Rona Lee.

Composed by Maria Cavendish.

Thou art coming, thou art coming; I have
hail'd thee from afar;
I've watch'd thee, gentle spirit, leave thy
home in yonder star.
Thou art coming, thou art coming; I have
hail'd thee from afar;
I've watch'd thee, gentle spirit, leave thy
home in yonder star.
And now o'er forest and o'er mead thou'rt
gliding soft and slow;
To greet thee all the wild field-flowers their
little heads do bow;
To greet thee, the sweet nightingale pours
forth his mellow song;
And none but pleasant sounds are borne
the perfum'd breeze along.
Thou art coming, &c.

Oh, often in my childhood I have left my
books, my play,
To mark thee, gentle spirit, gliding on thy
lonely way—
To tell thee all the wild glad thoughts that
none around might share,
Bright thoughts whose weight of happiness
alone I could not bear.
My childhood's hours are past away, those
wild glad thoughts are gone,
But still I sit and watch thee as thou glidest
calmly on.
And tho' some dark'ning changes o'er my
heart have passed since then,
With thee, my old companion, I can be a
child again.

Thou art coming, &c.

I LOVE THE AUTUMN.

Written by W. R. Mandale.

Composed by W. H. Montgomery.

I love the morn, the Autumn morn,
When birds on every tree,
And larks, high o'er the golden corn,
Sing thrillings songs to me.

When fruits are bright in orchard bowers
And sheaves bedeck the vales,
I love, I love, in the morning hours,
To breathe the balmy gales.

I love the eve, the Autumn eve,
To list the reaper's strain,
When blithesome hearts their labour leave,
And homeward wend again.

When moonbeams fall on meadow flowers,
And light hearts gather there,
I love, I love, in evening hours,
Their harvest sports to share.

I love the Autumn morn and night,
When sunshine fills the vales,
Or when, by moonbeams' mellow light,
Are heard old songs and tales.

SLEEP, GENTLE SLEEP.

Written by J. E. Carpenter.

Composed by W. T. Wrighton.

Sleep, gentle sleep! Around my pillow
Ye guardian angels spread your wings.
The moonbeams sleep upon the billow;
A sweet "Good night" the cricket sings;
The very flowers their eyes are closing;
The stars their midnight vigils keep;
The waves in slumber are reposing,—
Yet not to me comes gentle sleep.

Sleep, gentle sleep! My limbs are weary,
But the soft languor comes not yet.
Through the still hours so long and dreary,
Oh, that I could awhile forget—
Forget, though but for one brief hour,
The grief I may not dare not weep;—
The parch'd earth pines not for the shower
As I for thee, O gentle sleep.

MAY GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT!

Written by Thomas Ramsay.

Air—Merry Maids of England.

CHORUS.

Ye jolly lads, about me here so happy and
so free,
Pass a toast to absent friends, who've
lately crossed the sea—
To the Army or the Navy, and the lads
who've got to fight,
And the watchword of the battle be, may
God defend the right!

And lasses let your wishes be, may they
subdue the foe,
And soundly lash oppression, that would
cause free blood to flow;

The beauty of old England shores, should
always bless the brave,
Who've gone to give a tyrant laws, and
freedom to the slave.

Ye jolly lads, &c.

Drink to the French our neighbours,
gallant daring band,
Our foemen once but now our friend,
locked firmly hand in hand,
They'll invite the Russian to the balls of
England and of France,
And show the brute how we can teach a
Russian bear to dance,
At Odessa we warmed his house, and will
show this stubborn fool—
How we will tan his Russian hide at famed
Sebastopol;
He thought himself a mighty man, we'll
make him look an ape,
And how about his counter, we'll rattle
our grape.

Ye jolly lads, &c.

As hot as he can take it we will make him
sup his broth,
As we did roast him in the east, we'll
baste him in the north,
He tried to cut the Turkey up, he thought
without a fear,
But John Bull sent his carver out, the
valiant Charles Napier.
A staunch, brave, daring lion, of true old
English breed,
Who does not think it fit, that Bears on
Turkies feed;
And though the bear is fond of hugging,
he sha'n't do just as he'd please,
For Russia ne'er shall rule the roast,
while Britons rule the seas.

Ye jolly lads, &c.

THE OLD GREEN LANE.

Written by J. E. Carpenter.

Composed by Joseph Phillip Knight.

The old green lane in childhood's hours—
I loved to pluck its wayside flowers,
Where hare-bells blue and violets wild,
Made bright wreaths for the sportive child.
I loved to rove, like bird or bee,
That fairy spot, nor I was free;
But I may never see again,
The days of youth, the old green lane!

The lighted hall, the gilded dome,
But mock the violets purple bloom,
When in the gay and courtly band,
Alone amid the crowd I stand;
My heart is like that old home scene,
Where all my happiest hours have been;
And I would yield my wealth to gain
The quiet of that old green lane!

The old green lane!—I see it still—
The flower-cled hedge, the distant hill,
The smoke-wreath curling in the breeze
That marked my home amid the trees!
The hum of birds, the murmur of the brook,
And all that I for power forsook—
That splendid power, that strives in vain
To charm me like that old green lane!

THE MIDDY, OR THE SIGNAL FOR WAR.

Air—Rocks the Bow.

Since peace is now banished our shores,
girls,

And the signal of war is let fly,
And the thunder of cannon shall roar, girls
But never mind don't pipe your eye:
And though we are bound for salt water,
Our hearts are all strangers to fear,
With the Russians we'll make a great
Slaughter—

While under the flag of Napier—

The flag of brave Charley Napier,

The flag of brave Charley Napier,

With the Russians, &c.

That Turkey says, greedy old brain,
From his wings every feather I'll pull,
While he thought of the poor Turkey's ruin
He never once thought of John Bull.
For Johnny his staunch bull-dog's waking
To show him a true friend was near,
They give the old bear such a shaking,
While under the flag of Napier.

The flag, &c.

There's one thing on which we're relying
And so we may yet boys again,
Our navy all nations defying,
Are determined they'll still rule the
main.

For with us there is no pretending,
So let these chaps look out for squalls,
While Old Charley Napier is defending
His friends with our old wooden walls.
While under the flag, &c.

LOVE, YOU'VE BEEN A VILLIAN.

The Dialogue written by Mr. John Lebern.

Tune—Fall of Paris.

Lovers who are young indeed, and wish
to know the sort of life
That in this world you're like to lead, ere
you can say you've caught a wife!
Listen to the lay of one who's had with
Cupid much to do,
And love-sick once, is love-sick still, but
in another point of view.
Woman, though so kind she seems, will
take your heart and vitalize it,
Were it made of Portland stone she'd
manage to Mosaicize it.

Dairymaid or duchess,
Keep it from her clutches,
If you'd ever wish to know a quiet mo-
ment more.

Wooping, cooing,
Seeming, scheming,
Smiling, wiling,
Pleasing, toying,
Taking, breaking,
Clutching, touching
Become to the core

SPOKEN.—Yes, to the core. Oh, woman, these
are the fruits. You offer us the apple of tempta-
tion, and then ~~pair off~~ you catch us like part-
ridges, and then ~~make game~~ of us—you pull and
play with our heartsstrings, as little children play
with toy harlequins—you nail our hearts to our
backs as tight as a ~~theatrical~~ ~~nails~~ a bad shilling
to his counter, and prove a counterfeit of what you
seem—a base coin! Alas yes—we try you and find
you Gilty.

Oh Love, you've been a villain since the
days of Troy and Helen,
When you caused the fall of Paris, and
of very many more.

Sighing like a furnace, in the hope that you
may win her still.

Walking in the wet before her window or
her door o' nights,

And catching nothing, but a cold, with
waiting there a score of nights.

Spilling paper by the ream with rhymes
devoid of reasoning,

As silly and insipid as a goose without the
seasoning,

Running bills with tailors,

Locking up by jailors,

Bread and water diet then your senses to
restore.

Sighing, crying,
Losing, musing,
Walking, stalking,
Hatching, catching,
Spoiling, toiling,
Rhyming, chiming,
Running up a score

Spoken—Picture to yourself a love-sick swain—
out in a pelting rain—for two or three hours—amid
storms and showers—burning to tinder—with his
eyes on the *winder*—of his lady love's dwelling—
his corns and bosom swelling—at last he feels cer-
tain—her dear head tops the curtain—in the height
of his bliss—he blows her a kiss—but, ill-fated lad
—'tis her sour old dad—he flies as if from a ghost
—when the iron-hearted post—runs foul of his head
—leaves him for dead—picked up, and sent home
—his brain's gone to roam—and his purse, too,
picked up like himself—alas, yes!

Oh, Love, &c.

Fiading all you've suffered has been but
the sport of jilting jades,
And calling out your rival in the style of
all true tilting blades,
Feeling, e'er you've breakfasted, a bullet
through your body pass,
And cursing then your cruel fate, and look-
ing very like an ass,
Popped into a coffin just as dead as suits
your time of life,
Paragraphed in the newspapers, too, as cut
off in the prime of life.
When the earth you're under,
Just a nine days wonder,
And the world jogs on again exactly as be-
fore.

Jilting, tilting,
Calling, felling,
Swearing, teasing,
Lying, dying,
Cenotaphed, and paragraphed,
And reckoned quite a bore.

Spoken—Yes, a second Thames Tunnel—the cut
direct—the rejected one—the rival—the insult—now
I fer you—you're another—the challenge—pistol
at five—double barrels—and no bats in the case—
the meeting—the fight—the report—*whiz!*
—two—two—for one—and mourners to
—in the case of your get
—primed
for the occasion—though you certainly
have the glorious consolation and credit of dying
oiled with honour, but upon my honour I can't
see it, for—

SAINT DAVID'S BELLS.

Written by Mrs. Crawford.

Composed by Joseph Philip Knight.

When twenty years had passed away,
I sought my native bowers:
'Twas evening, and its shadows grey
Hung o'er the ruined towers.
With beating heart I gazed around,
And home, with all its spells,
Burst on me in the joyous sound
Of sweet St. David's Bells.

I stand within the porch at last,
With mantled ivy crown'd:
And listen to the wintery blast
That sadly moans around.
No light within the casement burns—
No voice of welcome tells,
But when the well known chime returns
Of sweet St. David's Bells.

Familiar scene of bygone days!
Thou dark and troubled sea!
The breeze that o'er thy surface plays
Can yield no joy to me,
Of parted friends and pleasant times
Thy ceaseless murmur tell;
And still ring on the silver chimes
Of sweet St. David's Bells.

CHAIRS TO MEND, OLD CHAIRS TO MEND.

[Dibden]

Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend,
Like mine, to botch is each man's fate,
Each toils in his vocation;
One man tinkers up the state,
Another mends the nation.
Your parsons preach to mend the heart,
They cobble heads at college,
Physians pitch with terms of art,
And Latin want of knowledge.
But none for praise can more contend
Than I,

Who cry,
Old chairs to mend.

Your lawyers' tools are flaws and pleas
They manners mend by dancing,
Wigs are patches for degrees,
And lovers use romancing;
Fortunes are mended and made,
Too frequently with phrasings;
With rogue, when their complexions fade,
Some ladies mend their faces.